THE FARTHEST YONDER.

Oh, friend of other years,
Do you remember
Those glorious autumn days
When distant hillsides flamed
In all their splendor?
I whispered, "Speed us, love,
To beauty yonder."

Your voice was low and sad:
"Those hills of splendor
Are far and steep, my own;
The light will hide erelong,
And darkness gather,
And we shall yearn for rest
This side the yonder."

The years have swiftly flown,
Alone with wonder
I gaze upon the hills
A Master's brush has touched
With newer splendor;
My eager eyes would search
Beyond the yonder.

And you in higher realms,
You do remember;
For through my soul I feel,
Persuasive, sweet, your call,
Thrilling and tender,
Past earth's most perfect scenes
To farthest yonder.

—Harper's Bazar.

BRISTOWE'S RUSE.

Pah! another bungle! snapped Bristowe, that dry old stick of a detective, throwing down his newspaper. If that man had had a smattering of science at his fingers' ends he could have done the trick. Yes, you can all see it now. Ah, I ought to know. It was a bit of science that once helped me to net £500, get at the root of as queer a mystery as ever I tackled and possibly to save a gentleman's life into the bargain. Yes, I can tell you just how it happened. I wasn't on the spot till after the crime, of course, but I know exactly what took place. My word!

It was Sir Gavin Grey's case, if you remember—Grey, the great London banker. He had a fine old place down at Wimbledon that his niece, Kate—as sweet and lovable a girl as ever walked this earth—used to keep for him. Old bachelor, you know. They say, and I believe, that that girl might have married any man she liked; but, of course, it so happened that the lucky fellow who crept into her heart was only a cashier at her uncle's bank—Leo Markhouse by name. The old gentleman was staggered at first, but at the finish he gave way on the condition that they waited till the young fellow proved himself fit for a partnership and for such a wife, and things went smoothly enough for a time. Then came a deadly crash.

Would you believe it, this Markhouse was fool enough to go and make use of a check that ought to have gone into the bank, and somehow or other it was found out before he could pay it back. It wasn't in Sir Gavin to give any man a second chance, I suppose; at any rate, he called him in, dared him to show his face there again and sent him about his business, with an alternative of prosecution. And one evening, a week later, when the old gentleman got back to his Wimbledon house the first thing he heard was that Markhouse had been there and that Miss Kate had gone off with him—gone for good. Pretty romance, eh?

Now for the mystery. It seems that for some days Sir Gavin was absolutely crushed and never left the house. He used to go up to the girl's room to make sure she was gone, and then he would go and sit in his study for hours at a stretch, hardly moving all the time, they said. Well, there was a glass door opening on a sort of balcony, and one night, when he was sitting there so, that door opened, and a man walked in. Burglar? No; it was Markhouse, come there with his wife to ask for one chance to redeem his backsliding. He said afterward they had meant to go boldly up to the front door, because Miss Kate was sure only one contrite word was needed to go straight to the old gentleman's heart; but, as luck would have it, he had seen the light in the study and chose that way.

There was a fine dramatic scene; they say the noise of it could be heard half over the house. Markhouse, he pleaded hard and tried to explain things, but the old gentleman was hard as granite. At the finish (I'm telling you just what I had from Markhouse himself and from Silverley, Sir Gavin's man servant, who, being privileged, was listening outside the door the whole time) he dragged open a drawer and threw a packet on the floor.

"There," he says, "you've wasted your time and eloquence. Your wife's mother left her at death £200 and some jewelry. There it is and there the way out, and I never wish to see either of you again."

Markhouse swears he never once thought of touching the packet, but simply stood still for a time, dazed by the prospect and the other man's bitterness. Then he pulled the glass door to and went down the balcony steps and along the avenue to where Kate was standing in a trembling, staring at that light from the study. It was queer she should say to him:

"Leo, you never threatened him! I heard your voices, but I was too frightened to move. Leo, don't harden your heart so—wouldn't you be firmer in his place?"

"Perhaps," was all he said. "The air of this place suffocates me."

Well, they had got to the end of the avenue when there came after them a hoarse scream, unnerving enough in the circumstances. Just the one word—"Murder," and nothing more. But the worst of it was that the sound came from the house he had just left.

Of course, he stood staring at the girl incredulously, and the next thing he knew was that she had broken away from him and was flying back up the avenue. He followed mechanically, and instinct took him back to that study window. And, by Jove! across the carpet in there, sure enough, lay a still figure; his wife hung over it with clasped hands, and the servants were buzzing and whispering behind. Murder? Well, the old gentleman had been struck sideways, it seemed, as he sat. There was a purple mark on his right temple, and there was his own heavy ebony ruler lying near by. And the man? Well, Markhouse suddenly woke up to the fact that they were pointing at him and that the buzzing had stopped.

"There he is!" says some one. "Don't let him go!"

"What?" He couldn't believe his own eyes, of course. They were all shrinking back from him—even his own wife, he thought. "Is everyone mad?" he asked. "Kate, what does it mean?"

"Mean?" says Silverley, stepping up, "why, it means murder, Mr. Markhouse, and you mustn't leave this house yet. Accuse you?—all of us. You came here for money, stealthily; I was in the hall, and I heard every word of your quarrel. When you had gone I knocked several times, but the door was locked. I called the others, and we broke in to find him lying—no, Miss Kate, you can't!"

She had caught those words and grasped what they meant. Woman-like, her first thought was for her husband's safety; she got hold of Silverley's arms and held him back by main force, imploring Markhouse to go, to escape, and leave the rest to Providence. Of course, he ought to have stood his ground, but the thought that she believed him guilty fairly paralyzed him, it seems. At any rate he turned and went off without another word—as bad a thing as he could have done.

For the next two days it was all chaos. People who called to sympathize found Kate wandering about like a ghost, and everyone was whispering of her as a widow already. It seemed clear enough: Markhouse had struck the blow in a temper and was missing; his best friends could only hope that he had got ahead of the hue-and-cry. Two days; then came the news that Markhouse had been arrested easily a few miles away, simply remarking that he cared not a jot whether they brought him in innocent or the reverse.

Miss Kate, she heard it about 7 o'clock that evening, and it seemed to put new life into her. She stood staring at space, they said, for about five minutes and then sent a man galloping off with a telegram. That telegram was addressed to me, and it simply said: "Come instantly, upon a matter of life and death."

I happened to be away from home that night, but I took a train for Wimbledon about 10 the next morning and found that the inquest was afoot. The jury had just been to view the body, and most of the servants were making ready to return with them and give evidence. In the general excitement I had plenty of time to look about, while I mournfully smoothed a crape band around my hat. In 15 minutes I had heard a good deal. Silverley was my best man. I managed to buttonhole him, introduced myself as the undertaker's man and asked how true it was that this Markhouse had something to gain by Sir Gavin's death.

"Don't ask me," he says, distractedly. "That's the dreadful part of it—that everyone knows his wife comes in for her uncle's money. I've to go and give evidence against him. I wish to heaven I'd never spoken!"

It was all very hazy. I thought for a bit and then sent up a card with the word "Brostowe" only upon it, and I didn't waste time. When presently she comes down, with a pitiful white face and dragging steps and looked to see why the study door was open, she gave quite a piteous cry at sight of me down on my hands and knees between the desk and window there.

"Mr. Brostowe! You—you know all, then?"

"A good deal, madam; the newspapers and the servants, you know," I told her cheerfully. "Er—of course this room has not been disturbed in any way? H'm, I find morsels of earth and dry leaf just by the window, but none near that desk. But that's nothing, perhaps. I want you to be quite calm and tell me all you know."

She did so almost lifelessly. "Oh, you are clever, I know!" she ended, a fair study in supplication. "If you think—you'll never say so! You'll go and leave it to the police?"

"Just one thing," I said: "A full light from this jet ought to reflect on that gravel path, and Mr. Markhouse was between it and the window. You may safely tell me whether you saw the shadow of a lifted arm from where you stood—so. H'm!" She had whispered her "N—no!" with dry lips and hesitation; he had raised his arm once. "Leave it to me," I told her. "In an hour I'll come and tell you what I think."

She understood and went. Well, I puzzled and puzzled over the thing and could make nothing of it. The door had been locked, you see, and he was found dead five minutes after Markhouse had stepped out on the balcony. I had a vague idea, but the facts would not seem to fit in at all, and I suppose the hour went by, for presently I saw her standing in the doorway, her eyes wide with terror.

"You—you didn't come. You—you think—" the rest died off in her throat. If it had only been for her sake I should have tried my level best.

"I think nothing yet," I told her. "It's complicated, simple as it seems. You see, the motive was scarcely robbery, as the packet was found there afterward. I'll be plain with you: If it was not your husband, it was someone within this house, and there's no clew so far. Having nothing to go upon I'm going to concoct something. You must be patient and give me time."

She did try, but I shan't forget her face when, an hour or so later, she came to tell me that her husband had been committed on the coroner's warrant. I had a plan in my head by that time, but I felt certain, if nothing came of it, there was not much chance for Leo Markhouse.

About 8 o'clock that evening the drawing room at the Wimbledon house presented rather a dramatic sight. All the household, from Silverley down to the scullery maid, had filed in there at my request and formed a gaping, excited group. When, after giving them plenty of time for whispering, I walked in, carrying a black bag, you could have heard a pin fall.

"All here?" I began, very impressively. "Very good." A queer pause. "Now, I wish to tell you all something. Up till two hours ago, I confess, I could find no possible loophole in the net that at this moment surrounds Mr. Leo Markhouse. I have called you all here to tell you that now I fancy there may be one." Another breathless pause, as I fetched out a square of cardboard. "All hangs upon this," I said, "a photograph of the deceased gentleman's eyes, taken after death. Two hours back I made the accidental discovery that there was in those eyes the indelible reflection of a face, a face all but recognizable at sight, and then I remembered something. By tomorrow morning, if there is any basis for the well-known scientific theory that the eyes of a person meeting death by foul play often catch and retain a likeness of the assassin's features, we may be in possession of the truth. Is this the face of Mr. Leo Markhouse? I am not at all certain of it; I am going straight away now to have this snap shot of mine enlarged tenfold and then— In the meantime, I will ask you not to let the matter go beyond the house."

A shiver and then a craning of pale faces to catch a glimpse of the photograph, but I was gone before they could fully grasp what I said. I had motioned to Kate, and she followed me to the hall door like one groping in a dream.

"Will you—will you save me?" I recollect her whispering. "You have discovered this, you suspect some one, and yet you warn them all. You—it is false! Show me that photograph, or I shall scream out!"

"Sh! you're too sensible," I said. "The photograph! It is a blank card; see! Mrs. Markhouse, I've simply played a card I don't possess, that's all. Time is precious. Now, listen. They think I'm off to town; you will let me in by the drawing room window in ten minutes from now. Goodby. First train in the morning!" I added, loudly, and the big door closed.

Four hours later, when everything was quiet, I heard someone creeping along the passage leading from the servants' quarters and up the stairs. I had been waiting in the drawing room; I was out in a jiffy. A man—yes, he was standing at the top of the flight, as if afraid to go on. I had him! Up I crept. He went straight along to that room and tried the handle. When it gave he jumped back and almost saw me. Another second—then in he went. I heard him striking a match. I was there. He had lit a candle and was turning this way and that a drawn, white face that bore the marks of the four hours' suspense. It was Silverley, for years the valet of the man lying behind those white hangings, and it seemed that my bit of a bluff was going to have results. Holding the candle high, he drew back the hangings and stared hard at the poor old gentleman's eyes.

They were closed, of course, and would never open again. He had waited four hours in a fever for nothing at all.

A clerk behind him did the rest. I was pulling the door to, and he sprang across in a fair frenzy—just too late. I managed to lock it on the outside, and his nerves weren't proof against that second shock. He gave a sort of choking scream, and then all was quiet. Down I ran and woke one of the servants. However, when we opened that door there was no need to use force or even to ask questions. He was on his knees there and gasped out the truth on the spot.

"I—I did in it self-defence! Let me out—only let me out! They'll never hang me—they couldn't! You think! It was all quiet in there. I ran through the drawing room and along the balcony, and he was sitting with his head down so, and the packet was lying there—anyone's property! I—I thought he was in a fit and found my hand on the packet before I knew it. He saw me and snatched at my throat, like this, in a passion. He was mad and would have strangled me, and I—I had to do it! Then I was frightened and ran back. I never meant to let Mr. Markhouse in for it till I—I—Oh, heavens! I didn't! What have I said?" A bit more than I'd expected. Enough, at any rate, to get him penal servitude.

Eh! What did you say? That scientific theory was exploded long ago? Well, it wasn't when I went to school, and it helped me to unravel this mystery when everything else had failed. —Tit-Bits.

THE EL DORADO MYTH.

How the Term Came to Be Applied to Sources of Uncommon Riches.

El Dorado is the term now heard on every side in connection with the placer mines of Alaska and the northwest territory of Canada. Its derivation is of interest. In the fifteenth century it was rumored that there existed in the northern part of South America a city of great wealth called Manoa, whose king, El Dorado by name, was periodically smeared with oil or balsam and was then powdered with gold dust, until his whole body had a gilded appearance. It was said that on these occasions he threw gold, emeralds, and other precious metals and gems into a sacred lake, in which he afterward bathed.

Beginning in 1532 the Spaniards sent many large expeditions to search for this phantom city, and most of them ended disastrously, hundreds of lives being lost. One explorer, Orellano, averred that he found El Dorado in his voyage down the Amazon in 1540. This was disproved, but the search was continued down to the eighteenth century. Some of the results were the conquest and settlement of New Granada, the making known to the world of the mountain region of Venezuela, the discovery of the noble rivers, the Orinoco and the Amazon, and the exploration of the vast forests west of the Andes. About the end of the sixteenth century an English expedition either sent out by or under the personal leadership of Raleigh penetrated into Guiana, thereby obtaining a claim on that country which has resulted in the acquirement of the modern British colony of that name.

It has been supposed that the origin of this fable arose from the yearly celebration of a tribe of Indians near Bogota, whose chief on these occasions was gilded with gold dust. But this ceremony was never witnessed by the Spaniards, and the story may simply be another version of the El Dorado myth.

The name El Dorado was commonly used to describe the city or country which was the object of the search, but a later usage of the term has been its figurative application with regard to any region of more than common richness. El Dorado county in California, was the scene of the famous gold finds of '49, and since then the expression has been used to describe many gold camps.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Gruesome Trophies of Congo State Soldiers.

A final paper made up from the journals of the late E. J. Glave, who died after crossing Africa a couple of years ago, appears in the Century, under the title of "Cruelty in the Congo Free State." Mr. Glave says:

Mr. Harvey heard from Clarke, who is at Lake Matumba, that the state soldiers have been in the vicinity of his station recently, fighting and taking prisoners; and he himself has seen several men with bunches of hands signifying their individual kill. These, I presume, they must produce to prove their success! Among the hands were those of men and women, and also those of little children. The missionaries are so much at the mercy of the state that they do not report these barbaric happenings to the people at home. I have previously heard of hands, among them children's, being brought to the stations, but I was not satisfied of the truth of the former information as of the reports received just now by Mr. Harvey from Clarke. Much of this sort of thing is going on at the Equator stations. The methods employed are not necessary. Years ago, when I was on duty at the Equator without soldiers, I never had any difficulty in getting what men I needed, nor did any other station in the old humane days. The station and the boats there had no difficulty in finding men or labor, nor will the Belgians if they introduce more reasonable methods.

A BLIND HUNTER.

HOW TOM JOHNSON OF KENTUCKY CAUGHT A MAD DOG.

One of Many Remarkable Feats—Rides to Hounds as Well as Ever Familiarity With Country an Explanation—His Mount Also Blind.

A remarkable feat accomplished a few days ago by Tom Johnson, who has been blind in both eyes for twenty years, has been the talk of the county for the past ten days, says a Nicholasville (Ky.) letter in the Chicago Times-Herald. Johnson is a fox hunter. He keeps a pack of the finest hounds in the county. Mag, one of his favorite dogs, went mad. Johnson's wife and children and a neighbor, Jo Harvey Brumfield, were out in the yard when Mag came running through the orchard foaming at the mouth, and snapping right and left. It was a genuine case of hydrophobia.

The people in the yard frantically rushed into the house, locked the doors, and told Johnson of the condition of his favorite dog. In the meantime Mag had dashed by the house and started off in the direction of a neighbor's. When Johnson was told of the dog's hydrophobia he arose, and, despite the efforts of his family and Mr. Brumfield, walked into the yard. Directly Mag came back and seemed to be in a more violent state of madness than before. Those in the house called to Johnson that the dog was coming, and piteously begged him to return. The old blind man heeded not the appeals of his family, but stood like a statue listening to the snarling of the dog. Mag spied him and came straight to him.

"There she comes," yelled Brumfield, from inside of the house. Still the old man stood his ground. Within ten feet of him Mag stopped, then slowly approached him, still snapping and snarling. Right to the blind man's feet came the dog, and as she was about to seize his leg he reached down and, with an instinct seemingly superhuman, grasped her about the neck in a vise-like grip.

The dog struggled in vain to free himself, but Mr. Johnson started toward the woodshed, dragging her. Brumfield came and opened the door of the shed, and Johnson approached and hurled the dog inside. Brumfield quickly closed the door, and Mag was left to her ravings till a shotgun was procured and she was killed.

This feat of Mr. Johnson's is only one of many in his remarkable career. He is 50 years old, and the story of his deeds sounds more like fiction than fact. Twenty years ago he was a man of affluence, but he lost his eyesight and, having a large family, his fortune dwindled until today he has only a house and a few acres of land. All his life he has been passionately fond of fox hunting, and has always kept a fine pack of dogs. When he went blind it was thought his hunting days were over, but such was not the case. He became even more devoted to the sport. Strange as it may seem, he has never required a guide to aid him in riding over the cliffs of the Kentucky river in his chase. Mounted on his old blind mule, this blind man may be seen one or two nights every week riding along a dark and narrow path of a rugged cliff, while his dogs are searching for a trail of a fox. After the trail is found he stops, and all night long listens to the baying of the dogs as they follow the trail, moving only when Reynard leads the dogs to more distant parts.

Typical fox hunter that he is, he knows the "mouth" of his every dog. Did a stranger meet him on a dark night he would never know the man was blind. Many are the tenderfeet he has led on these night hunts. His ability to find his way on these chases is accounted for by him in that he is perfectly familiar with the scope of country over which he hunts, but when it is remembered that this scope extends for many miles along the rugged cliffs of the Kentucky river, and that he rides a mule as blind as himself, it can be considered no less remarkable.

With the Servants.

Walter A. Wyckoff, the college graduate, who for two years became a day-laborer, tells in Scribner's his experiences as a hotel porter. Describing the servants' meal, he says:

"These meals were curiously solemn functions; scarcely a word was ever spoken. Martha was 'overheated about much serving,' and very heroically she tried to impart some decent order to the meal, and a cheerfuller tone to the company. I never knew the cause of the sullen unsociability which possessed us, whether it was ill-humor born of the physical weariness from which all the servants seemed to constantly suffer as a result of the high pressure of work at the height of the season, or the revolting fare which often sent us untasted and unfed from our meals."

Vanity Recovered.

"You see, my dear," said Mr. Youngbusband to his wife, triumphantly, at 3 o'clock the other morning, "the moment I begin to sing to baby she is quite quiet."

"Yes," said his wife, "she is easily frightened, poor little thing."—Tit-Bits.